

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 702.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1835.

[Price 2d.]

THE LAST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

REACHING THE GRAND MULET ROCK.



LAST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

MONT BLANC,* as every one familiar with European geography must remember, is the loftiest mountain of our quarter of the earth. It is one of the summits of the Pennine Alps, which, perhaps, may rank fourth to the Himalayah, the Andes, and Caucasus, among the mountain chains of the globe. Though inferior to Chimborazo in its elevation *above the sea*, Mont Blanc is considered to be the highest mountain of the two; as it rises 12,300 feet above the valley of Chamonix; Chimborazo not more than 11,600 feet above the plain of Quito. There is another important feature in Mont Blanc: its line of perpetual snow is nearly 7,000 feet *below the summit*; that of Chimborazo is only 2,400 feet, according to Humboldt.

The ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc has only been accomplished within the last sixty years, during which period it has been an adventure of comparatively rare occurrence. The first ascent was made in 1786, by Doctor Pacard, of Chamonix, and his guide James Balma. In August, 1787, De Saussure ascended it with eighteen guides, and remained on the summit five hours. In 1818, Messrs. Howard and Van Reussalaer from New York; and in 1825, Doctor Clarke and Captain Sherwill ascended it;† and in 1827, the ascent was made by John Auldjo, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge:—up to this date, fourteen ascents had been made; since which, in 1830, Captain E. B. Wilbraham made the perilous journey; and, in the autumn of last year, the ascent was accomplished by Dr. Martin Barry, whose Narrative we are about to present to the reader. We make no apology for this introduction, though the ascent of Mont Blanc be not a novelty in the records of enterprise: for every ascent abounds with fresh adventures and incidents, as we trust the subsequent details, in comparison with those of former journeys, will attest.

On September 15, 1834, Dr. Barry reached the Col de Balme, in passing from Martigny to the Priory of Chamonix, where Mont Blanc presented itself for the first time, and came suddenly and magnificently into view in its whole extent. On arriving at the Priory, Dr. Barry consulted the guides as to the probable practicability of an ascent. It was objected that the season was too far advanced, and that some snow had recently fallen, which had not had time to harden: as a consequence of the first obstacle, that the days were too short, and that the fissures had probably widened; and of the second, that the way would be rendered not only more

difficult, but more dangerous also, from the recent snow lightly covering the smaller crevices. The advice of the experienced guides did not, however, deter Dr. Barry from his projected attempt; and as a set-off to these difficulties, he observed that the weather had never, perhaps, presented a more favourable opportunity; the moon was nearly full; the Doctor was in excellent "training" from having lately climbed some of the heights in Switzerland; and additional interest was given to the undertaking from the lapse of four years since the last ascent by Captain Wilbraham, as registered at the Priory. Dr. Barry therefore resolved to make the attempt; and having procured six guides, he set out on the morning of the 16th, at half-past eight o'clock. The start was quite an event in the valley; and a number of the inhabitants, as well as strangers, assembled at the Union Hotel to witness the departure.

Passing through the pine wood, eastward of the Buissons glacier, the party reached Pierre l'Echelle by twelve at noon, where some men employed by the guides had conveyed part of the baggage, consisting of wood, charcoal, extra clothing, and blankets, with several culinary utensils, and provisions for three days. After accompanying the party a short distance, these men took their leave, and returned to Chamonix. Several chamois were now seen bounding over the rocks for a few moments. At this spot the party dined, and soon afterwards entered upon the ice, at the foot of the Aiguille du Midi.

Crossing the glacier de Buissons, and obliquely ascending, they proceeded in a south-west direction to the Mulets, an isolated chain of rocks, on one of which they hoped to pass the night.

The difficulties in crossing this glacier have been particularly described by preceding tourists, and Dr. Barry refers to Mr. Auldjo's Narrative for a true picture.‡ On the pre-

† It was the avalanche alone that we had hitherto to fear, but now new dangers arose, from the crevices, those deep clefts in the ice formed by the constant movement of the body towards the valley, which separates immense parts of it. The higher masses, meeting with some slight opposition, remain stationary; the lower, proceeding in their course, widen the breach; and thus, throughout the whole glacier, in every direction, are formed tremendous fissures.

• • • We were surrounded by ice piled up in mountains, crevices presenting themselves at every step, and masses half sunk into some deep gulf; the remainder raised above us seemed to put insurmountable barriers to our proceeding: yet some part was found where steps could be cut with the hatchet, and we passed over these bridges, often grasping the ice with one hand, while the other, bearing the pole, balanced the body, hanging over some abyss into which the eye penetrated, and searched in vain for the extremity. Sometimes we were obliged to climb up from one crag of ice to another, sometimes to scramble along a ledge on our hands and knees, often descending into a deep chasm on the one side, and scaling the slippery precipice on the other.—*Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, on the 5th and 9th August, 1827, by John Auldjo, Esq. of Trinity College, Cam-*

* Or White Mountain—from the immense mantle of snow with which its summit and sides are covered.

† A few particulars of Captain Sherwill's ascent may be found at p. 258, vol. vi. of the Mirror.

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sent occasion, the great width of the fissures constituted a principal difficulty; often compelling the party to retrace their steps, or to pass by ridges of uncertain solidity, on each side of which yawned an abyss of tremendous and unknown depth.

The immediate approach to the Grand Mulet having become interrupted by an almost perpendicular wall of solid ice, the party found it an exceedingly laborious task to reach it. At length, two of the guides gained the rock; and then, by means of cords, drew up the rest of the party, as well as the baggage. In this perilous undertaking, the guide who took the lead in ascending the ice-cliff, did so by a circuitous course, secured with a rope held by those below, as a false step would certainly have otherwise proved fatal, from the proximity of a precipice over which he must have fallen. (*See the Engraving.*) Dr. Barry speaks in high terms of the intrepidity, experience, and judgment of his guides, the principal of whom had been up eight times before: he being one of the four swept away by an avalanche in Dr. Hamel's attempt of 1820, and the only one of them whose life was saved.

Having, at length, gained the Grand Mulet rock, but at a point much lower than usual, and, as it appears from a memorandum of the principal guide, with a degree of difficulty that he had seen equalled on no former occasion, a long and perilous climb was required, over the almost perpendicular layers, to bring the party to that part proposed as their resting-place for the night,—a narrow ledge, usually selected, as being out of the reach of avalanches. They reached this rocky lodging by half-past six o'clock. It consists of a flat surface of a few square feet, forming a sort of open shelf on the southwest side of the rock; its margin being a precipice. The batons of the party, inclined against the rock, served as rafters for the roof of a little cabin, which was completed with canvass; two or three blankets having been spread on its floor. Dr. Barry found the height of the barometer *here*, at three-quarters past six o'clock, to be = Eng. inches 21.235; the *attached* thermometer = 45° 50 F. A fire was made at a short distance from the tent, and the party supped with good appetites around it. At nine o'clock, having tripled some parts of their clothing, and provided particularly for the feet, they crept into their cabin, and soon found that, by lying very closely together, they were sufficiently warm.

Dr. Barry was not, however, so fatigued as to sleep long; for he rose at midnight to enjoy the silent sublimity of the scene. "It

was a brilliant night," says the Doctor, "the full-moon had risen over the summit of the mountain, and shone resplendent on its snowy surface. The guides asleep, I stood alone at an elevation of ten thousand feet; just below me, lay piled, in the wildest confusion, the towering masses of ice we had been climbing, and whose dangers we had narrowly escaped; around and above, was a sea of fair but treacherous snow, whose hidden dangers we had yet to encounter. The vale of Chamoni was sleeping at the foot of the mountain; and, interrupted only by the occasional thunder of an avalanche, the profoundest stillness reigned. The scene was exquisite: and I remained contemplating it, until at the end of an hour and a half, a recollection of the coming day's fatigues, rendered it prudent again to take repose."

At five on the morning of the 17th, the party left the Grand Mulet. Proceeding at first across the icy valley that lay between them and the Dome du Gouttet, they reached almost the base of the latter; and then ascending more directly, often by a zig-zag course, arrived at the Grand Plateau by nine o'clock: another great stage of the journey being thus accomplished.

The newly-fallen snow, from a foot to eighteen inches in depth, had rendered the way fatiguing: it had been requisite for the leader to ascertain the safety of every step with the baton, and the party had proceeded in a line united, two or three together, with cords, following carefully the same track. Latterly their path had lain over vast fields of snow, but the early part of it had presented scenery even more magnificent than that of the preceding day. "Chasms of unfathomable depth,—towers of ice,—caverns with almost crystal walls,—splendid stalactites guarding the entrance. Such scenes live in the memory, but cannot be adequately imparted by word. No wonder if I often turned, and turned again, not knowing how to leave them."*

Danger and difficulty succeeded to this scene of sublime beauty. After repeatedly changing their route, the party commenced a long ascent that afforded the last forlorn hope. Four years having elapsed since Mont Blanc was ascended, they knew not but that from the shifting nature of the snow masses, changes had occurred to render the undertaking hopeless. The ascent of this part having, however, been gained, a vast fissure succeeded, that would certainly have obliged them to return, but for a bridge of snow, or rather of ice, discovered at some distance. They made for it—it bore them over, and their hopes brightened. But they had next to pass some very treacherous ice, among

bridge, second Edition.—To which work Dr. Barry recommends those who may desire to see a more particular account.

* Among the beautiful phenomena here observed by Dr. Barry was the blue-green colour of the ice, when occurring in large masses.

holes covered up with recent snow, concealing the dangers of the track. On reaching the Grand Plateau, however, they felt pretty confident of success, as the weather was encouraging, they, therefore, sat down to breakfast at this spot in very good spirits.

There are three plains of snow, called the first, second, and third Plateau. The third is the highest or Grand Plateau. It was on the second or middle one that De Saussure, with eighteen guides, passed the second night in his ascent in 1787. Speaking of it, he says it is 90 toises, (575 English feet,) higher than the Peak of Teneriffe.

The party left the Grand Plateau before ten o'clock. Above it are the Rochers Rouges, where the fatal avalanche fell in Dr. Hamel's attempt of 1820. De Saussure's course lay to the west of these rocks: Dr. Barry went eastward of them, by the new route discovered in 1827, when his countrymen, C. Fellowes and W. Hawes ascended, and by which route a very dangerous part is avoided.

Great dryness of the skin was now observed, thirst became intense, and it seemed scarcely possible even to alleviate it. The inconvenient glare of the snow was obviated by the use of green spectacles, which indeed were found almost indispensable.

A dipterous insect was found dead on the snow, at about 1,500 feet below the summit, and a living hymenopterous one 300 feet higher; both having probably been carried up by the wind.

Two large birds were seen at a distance, passing over the shoulder of the mountain, from Piedmont to Savoy.

The progress of the party, after leaving the Grand Plateau, at first obstructed by the passage of some very formidable cliffs of ice, had latterly been impeded only by the depth of the soft snow; but now they reached the foot of a declivity of 35° to 40° with the horizon, and many hundred feet in length. It was the "epaule droite" of the summit. The snow here had hardened sufficiently to prevent their advancing a single step, without holes being first cut with the hatchet; yet it had not become so hard as to render firm the footing thus obtained. It was found continually giving way; and when they had reached a tolerable height, this became exceedingly dangerous. In no part of the ascent were the cords, by which the Doctor was attached to the guides, more serviceable than here. But, their progress was so slow, that he suffered not a little from the cold; a keen breeze prevailing at the time. His feet felt as if all but frozen, on which account the footing became doubly insecure. This ascent brought the party above the Rochers Rouges; the next, a slope of 28° to 30°, apparently not very difficult, was to take them to the summit.

At this interesting point, we must leave our *ascendants* for the present, with the promise of their re-appearance in our horizon of next week. 53

NIGHT AND DAY.

(From the German of Herder.)

NIGHT and Day strove with one another for mastery. The fiery and brilliant child Day began to dispute.

"Poor, dark mother!" said he, "what hast thou like my sun, my heaven, my flowers, and my busy, restless life? I awake what thou hast destroyed to a new feeling of existence, what thou puttest to sleep, I raise up."—"And who will thank you for this?" said the modest, veiled Night. "Must not I quicken what thou hast dulled? and how otherwise can I do this but by causing them to forget thee? Whilst I, the mother of gods and men, take what I produce with contentment to my bed—when the hem of my garment touches them, they forget all thy delusions, and softly bow down their heads. Then do I comfort and nourish the wearied soul with heavenly dews. To the eyes which under thy sunny beams can never raise themselves upwards toward heaven, I disclose a countless multitude of suns, innumerable forms, new hopes, new glittering stars."

She touched noisy day with the hem of her garment; and silent and weary he sank into her beclouded bed. But Night sat with quiet, majestic mien, in her crown and mantle of stars.

H. S.

FRIENDSHIP.

(From the German of Krumphacker.)

Two youths, friends like Damon and Pythias, were walking arm in arm through a wood, on a beautiful spring day. "Let us seek an emblem of friendship," said one to the other: "Man loves to find his inmost soul typified in some of nature's forms."

"Look there," said one, "at the ivy which twines round the young oak. Nobly, in the power of youth, the tree raises itself, like a temple column hung round by youths and maidens with the early wreaths of spring. The tender ivy clings round the oak as if striving to become one with it: without the oak it would have lain in the dust."—"The other youth looked on and replied: "The form is beautiful, and a most lovely ornament is the fresh green to the oaken stem. So doth the strong, if enabled by love, raise up the tender and weak. So upon the strong-nerved arm of noble Hercules doth childlike innocence lean. 'Tis a beautiful union. But it is not the emblem of friendship."

"Look at yonder hill: the cultivator of the vineyard hath bound the vine to the elm-tree! A prudent union! the strong supports the

weak and the useful, to produce the most useful of fruits for man. It fills our cups with joy! Let us be thankful for it."—"But are they not united by the hand of man?" said the youth. "The object is gain. May not the weight of the grapes break the supporting tree? or the vine's broad foliage suffocate the leaves of the elm? The form is beautiful—it is the semblance of the union of man's power in social communities—but it is not the emblem of friendship."

"The union of souls in friendship hath not its like in heaven or earth," said one. They stood where the shade of two young oaks was united. They looked at the tall and mighty trees. "What noble trees!" said the other: "Their roots are closely intertwined, their heads are raised to a like height toward heaven! Both strive upward; they will mutually withstand the storm; and, if overpowered, they will fall together. Is this an emblem of our friendship?" They looked on the noble trees, and embraced in their shade.

H. S.*

* With thanks. Others may be alike acceptable.—ED.

Manners and Customs.

KREW COUNTRY, AFRICA.

THE following interesting and original details, relating to the Krew country, are given by Sir G. R. Collier, in his Report to the Admiralty, respecting his Majesty's settlements on the coast of Africa:—"The precise boundaries of the country possessed by the Krew men I do not know; the anchorage off their towns is not the best, and the beach here is broken by several clusters of rock. I attempted a landing in the Tartar's life-boat, but the excessive surf forbade it; and as I was not at that time acquainted with the coast, nor the character of the natives, I judged it prudent to relinquish my intention of visiting their chief; more especially as in all visits of Europeans to these people, presents of cloths and spirits, (and these frequently to some amount,) are indispensable to insure civil reception and a safe return; for, without these, an African chief considers all visitors as intruders or spies. And this leads me to notice, that a commanding officer may often find great convenience in possessing the means of ready communication with the African chiefs, by having at his disposal a few pieces of cloth and other trifling articles, to be applied at his discretion.

The Krew people, though the most intelligent class of Africans, have the misfortune to be governed by a most arbitrary chief. They are of a race entirely different from their more northern neighbours, and excepting the woolly head, have none of the characteristic of the negro. The forehead is large

and bold, the eye intelligent, the nose not unfrequently prominent, the teeth regular and beautifully white, and the lips not so thick as the more southern negro. The face of the Krew man is, however, always disfigured with a broad, black line, from the forehead down to the nose, and the form of the barb of an arrow on each side of the temple. This is so decidedly the Krew mark, that instances have occurred of these men being claimed and redeemed from slavery, only from bearing this characteristic mark of independence; since it is by no means unusual for vessels under the Portuguese and Spanish flags, (and it was not uncommon formerly with British,) to invite entire canoe-crews on board, and carry the whole into slavery; and this happened very recently on the Gold Coast, in the instance of a vessel under Spanish and American colours.

The complexion of the Krew men varies much, from a dark brown to a perfect black; yet in all, the Krew mark is distinguished. It is formed by a number of small punctures in the skin, and fixed immovably by being rubbed, when newly punctured, with a composition of bruised gunpowder and palm-oil. The body is usually marked in a very extraordinary manner, and by the like means. The general stature of the Krew man is about the middle size, and of very athletic form; he is hardy and robust, of most excellent disposition, clear, comprehensive understanding, and much attached to the naval service of Great Britain; and, for this service, many of these people are hired, during the customary period of his Majesty's ships remaining upon the Coast; but they will not engage for an unlimited time, nor will they willingly serve during the season of rains, when they prefer their own country, complaining of the want of clothing as the rains set in; and, if exposed to these, they are subject to ague, of a lasting, though not of a very violent description; but this complaint they always dread. The attachment of these people to the English is unbounded, and their confidence in a British naval officer so great, that to some of them, whom, from ill health, it was necessary to part with, the Commodore's promise that their wages should either be sent to them, if not given to their own head man or Captain, or left with the Governor of Sierra Leone for their own use, was satisfactory. I found some of the Krew men in distress at St. Thomas's, and at Princess Island, begging a passage to their native country, and complaining of having been turned on shore from English and Danish vessels, without compensation.

When these men are embarked, a head man usually accompanies them, and he becomes responsible for the return of the whole. In their absence, their wives and children are put in care of the Pines, or magistrates,

of the country; and one half of the earnings of each man is claimed by the King or chief, as remuneration for the care and expense of his family during his absence. The slightest attempt at fraud in the payment is punished with certain death, and confiscation of the delinquent's property. The head man on board the Tartar complained of this, and other arbitrary proceeding of their King, and regretted the Krew men were not under British protection. These people all speak the English language with correctness, and therefore, had no difficulty in making known to us their distresses and wishes.

Like all the uninstructed natives of Africa, the Krew men are extremely superstitious: what is called Fetishism is the prevailing form of religion along the whole line of this sea-coast, and it is the most barbarous of all idolatry. To protect them from the power of the evil spirit, whom they dread as the author or agent of all misfortune and calamity, the chief priest, (similar to the Succombe Woong Choong of the great river on the Gold Coast,) sells the Krew men amulets or charms, said to possess all the virtue necessary to protect them. But the amulet, which, of all others, the Krew men hold in the highest estimation is the skin of a weazel, bandecoote, or marten, stuffed and covered up, and thus worn round the neck. The ignorant Krew man, possessing this treasure, will face any danger, or encounter any peril, however great; and if he falls under the paw of the hyena of that country, or is caught within the jaws of the shark, (which abounds in this sea,) his friends consider he has offended his Fetish, either by inattention or want of faith, or by not dedicating to him a share of every meal. I mention this to show only, that if the Krew men could be better informed, how strictly they are likely to adhere to improvement; but they are bigoted to their superstitions beyond description.

W. G. C.

The Nobelist.

THE SQUINTING ASTROLOGER OF ALEXANDRIA.

(Concluded from page 21.)

THE astronomer then took me by the hand. Delighted by such an unexpected invitation, I permitted him to lead me in silence, dreading that too speedy an explanation might lead him to change his benevolent purpose. We passed through several narrow streets in the meanest quarter of the town, and after several turnings stopped before a small house, whose appearance was far from sumptuous. Abd-al-nejûm opened the door himself; a circumstance which convinced me that he had neither slaves nor servants. Taking me again by the hand, he led me in the dark to a confined spot, where he desired me to sit

down. Having lighted an old lamp, he turned to examine his new guest. He appeared surprised at the poverty of my dress, which the darkness had hitherto prevented him from noticing; his tone immediately changed, his kind proffers gave place to stern and imperious questions. Not being able to avoid a reply, I related without disguise the circumstances that had brought me to the place where he found me; and where my glances were vaguely directed over the surface of the western waters, instead of being elevated, as he supposed to the brilliant sky of the east. I testified my gratitude for the kind offers he had made, but did not conceal that food was with me a more pressing want than lessons in astronomical science. . . . Abd-al-nejûm sat down on a wretched mat, which was almost the only article of furniture in his room, and resting his head upon his hands, seemed lost in thought. At length he proposed to take me into his service, on condition that I should ask no wages, but be content with bed and board, promising that if I proved faithful he would make me his heir.

I lived with him very miserably for twelve years; when I asked him for instructions, he said that nature herself had forbidden me to become an astronomer. Every day, he repeated that the stars promised him great wealth and length of life; but, nevertheless, I found him one morning dead in his bed, and conformably to his promises I was his sole heir. The inheritance, however, was only some few articles of furniture, and his mathematical instruments. The owner of the house soon gave me notice to quit; I made a little money by the sale of the furniture, and carefully preserving the astronomical instruments of my deceased master, I sought another lodging.

I obtained it in the house of an old woman who lodged in the suburbs, to whom I had sold some pieces of paper covered with figures, on which my master had written his scientific calculations, which she purchased as talismans, to increase the fertility of her pigeons and keep them from vermin. I had no difficulty in persuading her that I had inherited the knowledge as well as the instruments of my old master; and her neighbours of both sexes flocked to obtain the aid of my astrological talents. All my master's old papers on which he had scribbled figures were successively sold as talismans.

Finding this new trade very successful, I resolved, like Abd-al-nejûm, to draw horoscopes, and predict future events from the stars. I had picked up from his conversation the names of some of the constellations, but I did not know what was their position in the sky; however, I hoped that I would easily acquire this knowledge by making use of the instrument. In vain I tried in every

way to imitate what I had so often seen my master do; but somehow or other I could never distinctly see through the telescope the stars that my master saw, or perhaps only pretended to see. I have always thought that he designedly injured the instruments before his death, for fear lest the fame of my science might eclipse his own. . . . My reputation increased every day, and unfortunately for me it extended too far. My fame reached the governor of the city. He was about to become a father, and summoned me to draw the horoscope of the unborn child. I went boldly, pretended to make some observations, drew some whimsical figures, made some idle calculations, and unhesitatingly declared that he would soon be the father of a boy. I did not know that my new employer had brought at a great expense another astronomer from Antakye (Antioch). He was posted in another part of the house, and announced that the child would be a girl. They brought us together, that we might compare our different horoscopes. I could make nothing of my adversary's scheme; he easily demonstrated that mine was composed only of figures drawn at random, calculations either absurd or insignificant, and marks that had no connexion or relation. For want of good argument, I overwhelmed my adversary with reproaches, and he retorted as well as he could. From words we were about to come to blows, when we received a piece of news which put an end to our quarrel. The women who had been summoned to attend the lady announced that she was not pregnant, but dropsical.

[Rafif then relates, that being banished as an impostor, he fled to Syria, where he fell in with a band of robbers, who carried him bound to Acre, and set him at liberty on condition of his remaining in the city and presenting himself every evening at the great fountain which supplies the town with water. He obtained admission to the house of a Jew, by promising him an amulet that would protect him from the tyranny of the pacha, deservedly called Jezzar (the butcher). The Jew's daughter—who unfortunately was but—

"A sign-post likeness of the human race
That is, at once resemblance and disgrace."

fell in love with the astrologer; but he rejected her advances on the plea that the stars prohibited their union. She accepted the excuse, and continued her kindness. During a fortnight Rafif presented himself regularly at the fountain, but the weather continuing cloudy, his services were not required. At length, one fine evening, he met at the rendezvous the captain of the robbers by whom he had been seized, and we shall now let him continue the recital of his adventures.]

"Here you come," said a voice which I knew too well; "I was waiting for you. If

you have not your astronomical instruments, run and get them; and take care that you do not keep me long waiting." Terrified and confounded, I hastened to execute his orders with all expedition, and speedily returned. "Follow me," said he; "do not tremble thus: fear nothing; no evil will befall you, unless you bring it on your own head. Above all things, keep perfectly silent until you reach your destination." Then, without any further explanation, he began to walk towards one of the corners of the inclosure. I followed my mute guide without saying a word, endeavouring to persuade myself into reliance on the promise he had made.

We soon reached a low and shabby-looking portal: it was opened without noise at a scarcely perceptible signal, and I was handed over by my guide to two other conductors as silent as himself. These new personages, who seemed to me either slaves or domestics, gave me in charge to two others in a second chamber; they again resigned me to a new pair in a third room, and thus I was transferred from the hands of one pair to those of the next, until I reached the presence of their master.

I have said *from the hands*, but this is an inaccurate expression; not one of those whom I encountered in my passage had retained possession of his entire person. One had lost a hand, another a foot; this had been deprived of an eye, the next wanted a nose or ears. Among them there was not one complete man; they were rather "the ruins of humanity"—ruins more or less mutilated and disfigured. No where could there be found such a collection of the halt and maimed; it seemed that a person in full possession of his limbs was incompatible with the arrangements of this extraordinary mansion. "Great God!" thought I, with a shudder, "am I doomed to wear the livery of this miserable band?"

These involuntary reflections were cut short by my admission into the last room. It was badly lighted by a single lamp, and the corners were shrouded in almost total darkness; the furniture was mean and scanty; but when I glanced around I beheld the glitter of scimitars, daggers, and swords, and through the shade along the walls I saw about twelve soldiers perfectly motionless, standing in frightful silence. At the extremity of the room, in the corner farthest from the door, there was seated on a miserable carpet, supported by filthy and torn cushions, a man already old, of haughty and ferocious aspect. His eyes were sunk in his head, but light flashed from them through the thick and shaggy brows by which they were covered, like the glare of the hyena thirsting for carnage. His savage appearance, and his brows rigidly contracted, announced the violent passions of a merciless heart. His

beard was in disorder, his turban of coarse stuff badly arranged, his dress soiled and worn. In his girdle there was a large dagger and two enormous pistols; before him lay a naked sabre, and several other instruments of destruction. He smoked from a pipe of common clay, whose stem was a simple reed. In the midst of the clouds of smoke that surrounded him, I seemed to see some fantastic spectre, and I thought for a moment that Kiblis stood before me in his proper person. His eyes at length were fixed on me; a shudder of mortal terror shook my limbs; I discovered that I was in the presence of the cruel Pacha of Acre, the terrible Jezzar. . . . I then comprehended perfectly the cause of all the mutilations I had met since my entrance into his palace; I was in the lion's den. . . .

"Jezzar looked at me for some time in silence, without changing his position. Then raising his voice, and softening a little the tiger-like ferocity of his countenance, "You are an astronomer," said he; "I have need of you."

These few words banished my fear, and restored my courage. I knew that these men so cruel and irritable towards their dependants, often exhibit despicable weakness to those whom they deem necessary to them, and on whom they depend in turn.

The pacha immediately rose, and ordered me to accompany him to one of the terraces of his palace. When we reached it, he pointed out a brilliant star of ruddy aspect, with whose name I am unacquainted, but which was on my right. "There is my star," said he; "observe it, and tell me what it predicts."

I turned my instrument to the specified star, but soon the pacha asserted that my looks were turned to the side opposite that which he indicated, and that I was observing a star on the left, different from his. Twice he warned me, twice I assured him that he was mistaken, and even dared to add, "I know what I see, and I would know it though I saw it not." Scarcely had I spoken, when my third warning was a terrible blow of his scimitar, which deprived me of that part of my arm you see wanting."

[Rafif fell to the ground senseless. The servants of the pacha finding him in this condition, believed him dead, and threw him into the street. Luckily he was found by his Jewish host, who took him home and bound up his wounds. When he was sufficiently recovered to tell his story, the Jew expressed his astonishment at the mercy with which he had been treated, assuring him that he was the only person to whom Jezzar had ever vouchsafed two warnings. In spite of all the entreaties of the Jew, Rafif resolved to leave Acre; and well was it for him that he did so, as he learned shortly afterwards that

the pacha had seized the Jew, and condemned him to the horrible death of impalement. Rafif came to Cairo, and soon obtained large sums by the sale of amulets and talismans. Intoxicated by success, he believed that he had somehow or other become really learned, and presented himself to be publicly examined in astronomy by the body of the ulemas. His blunders were so very extraordinary, and his blustering efforts to hide his ignorance so ludicrous, that the whole assembly believed him insane, and he was consigned to the Moristan.]—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. xxviii. which see for other specimens of these entertaining tales.

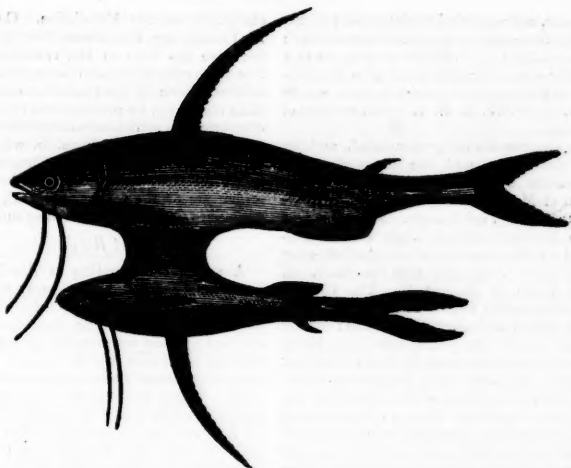
The Naturalist.

STRONG WINDS.

THE REV. W. B. Clarke states, in the *Magazine of Natural History*, that "the power of the wind alone, has driven a tenpenny nail more than three-fourths of its own length through a thick plank; and has forced a deal board more than a foot into a solid wall of masonry, both which circumstances were recently related to me by a gentleman who witnessed them at Barbadoes, during the hurricane of 1831. My informant told me other facts equally striking; remarking that he would not bear testimony to what he had seen of the force of the wind in that and other islands, except to an intimate friend, lest ignorant persons, who knew not his estimate of truth, should doubt occurrences so wonderfully contrasted with what is known here in cases of elemental commotion. Professor Winthrop relating an account of the whirlwind at Cambridge, in New England, on July 10. 1761, says: "Some nails that were in a cask in the east chamber, were driven, in great numbers, into the trees on the eastern side of the house."—J. H. F.

DOUBLE FISH.

THE annexed Cut represents a pair of cat-fish, which were taken alive in a shrimp net, at the mouth of Cape Fear river, near Fort Johnston, North Carolina, in August, 1833, and presented to Professor Silliman. One of them is three and a half, the other two and a half inches long, including the tail,—the smallest, emaciated and of sickly appearance. They are connected in the manner of the Siamese twins, by the skin at the breast, which is marked by a dark streak, at the line of union. The texture and colour otherwise, of this skin is the same as that of the belly. The mouth, viscera, &c., were entire and perfect in each fish, but, on withdrawing the entrails, through an incision made on one side of the abdomen, the connecting integument was found to be hollow, and nothing resisted a flexible probe in passing through from one to the other. This operation was performed with great care, with the tender



(Double Fish.)

and soft end of a spear of grass drawn from a green plant. But there was no appearance of the entrails of one, having come in contact with those of the other, for the integument was less than one tenth of an inch in its whole thickness, and in length from the body or trunk, of one fish to the other, it was three tenths, and in the water, when the largest fish was in its natural position, the small one could, by the length and pliancy of this skin, swim in nearly the same position. It was not ascertained whether they were of different sexes, or of the same.

When these fish came into existence it is probable they were of almost equal size and strength, but one "born to better fortune," or exercising more ingenuity and industry than the other, gained a trifling ascendancy, which he improved to increase the disparity, and by pushing his extended mouth in advance of the other, seized the choicest and most of the food for himself. Yet though he probably hated the incumbrance of his companion, and wished the "marriage tie cut asunder," he afforded protection to his "weaker half," and could not eat it without *swallowing himself*.

New Books.

VOYAGE TO THE SOUTHERN ATLANTIC OCEAN,
IN H. M. SLOOP, CHANTICLEER.

[This is, in many respects, one of the most interesting of all the recent voyages of discovery, and its results to science have been more important than many enterprises of our time. The command of the Expedition was entrusted by the Lords Commissioners of the Admi-

nistrators to Captain Henry Foster, who, in 1827, received the Copley Medal of the Royal Society, for his philosophical experiments in the Arctic Regions, and who, in 1828, sailed in the Chanticleer. The principal objects of the voyage were experiments with the pendulum, and, next to them, the determination of longitude by means of the chronometer; thus stated in the early pages of the narrative.]

The principal object of the voyage was to ascertain the true figure of the earth, by a series of pendulum experiments at various places in the northern and southern hemispheres. This method of solving a problem which still occupies the attention of scientific men, depends on the force of gravity at different parts of the earth's surface in producing a greater or less number of vibrations of the pendulum in a certain space of time, which is found to vary according to the distance of the place of observation from the earth's centre. From these observations the radius of the earth is obtained in various northern and southern latitudes, from which its figure is inferred by calculation. Another object contemplated in the present voyage, and one of the first importance in navigation, was to measure accurately the meridian distances by means of chronometers between the various places visited by the Chanticleer. Several other inquiries, relating to meteorology, the currents of the ocean, magnetism, and the usual detail connected with navigation, were combined with the foregoing, and served to render the voyage highly interesting to men of science.

[The details of these results, together with other remarks of a nature interesting to the

navigator, are appended to the present narrative, but are scarcely of popular interest enough for our readers; and, valuable as they are in a scientific view, we prefer passing to the incidents of the voyage, as recorded in the private journal of Mr. W. H. B. Webster, surgeon of the sloop.

The equipments being completed, and the instruments on board, the *Chanticleer* left Portsmouth April 21, 1828, and on May 10, arrived at Madeira; sailed thence to Teneriffe, the Cape Verd Islands, touched at Fernando Noronha, and on July 16, she harboured in Rio Janeiro, which she left after twelve days' stay, and next anchored off Monte Video on August 15. The *Chanticleer* then sailed southward, and made for Staten Island and Deception Island: thence she had a boisterous passage to Cape Horn, the southern termination of South America: she next had a tolerably long voyage from one great continent to another, across a vast ocean, or, from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope; but, favoured with delightful weather and a continued succession of fair winds, the distance began to diminish before Captain Foster thought even of measuring it: on June 21, the celebrated Table Mountain of the Cape of Good Hope was seen from the mast-head: the distance from cape to cape is 4,000 miles, and it had been performed in twenty-seven days. The *Chanticleer* was, however, buffeted about for another week, and was glad to bear up at the end of that time for Mossel Bay, which she left on July 7, and within ten days she moored in Table Bay. The stay of the crew extended to four months, and on Dec. 13, the *Chanticleer* left the Cape; on Dec 26, she anchored off James Town, St. Helena; on Feb. 10, she left St. Helena, and after a delightful four days' passage arrived at Ascension Island, which she did not leave until June 6, within a few days of which she made the Island of Fernando Noronha. Thence she sailed, on July 18, for the coast of South America, and in a few days arrived at Maranh, or St. Louis. On Sept. 5, 1830, the *Chanticleer* sailed up the Amazon river for Para: she next arrived at Port Spain of Trinidad; and on Dec. 13, she anchored off La Guayra, a seaport belonging to the province of Caraccas: on the 22nd she arrived at Porto Bello, whence Captain Foster dispatched Lieutenant Austin across the Isthmus of Darien, that extraordinary neck of land which forms the grand connecting link of the two continents — North and South America, and which is so narrow, that in one part the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, that wash each side of it, approach within twenty-eight miles of each other. Upon the return of Lieutenant Austin, Captain Foster left the *Chanticleer*, and proceeded as Austin had done, for Panama; and now we approach the melan-

choly close of the Expedition. On leaving the *Chanticleer*, Foster was cheerful and gay, but gave his keys to Mr. Webster, ordered him to pay his debts, and bequeathed various articles, which he most valued, to his friends. Half recanting, he proceeded to Panama, had completed his astronomical observations there, and was returning to his ship, when he fell from his canoe into the river Chagres, in the gulf of Mexico, and thus perished. Such is an outline of the voyage, of which we shall proceed to note a few interesting incidents.]

Slaves at Rio Janeiro.

A stranger on landing at Rio Janeiro is immediately struck by the great number of slaves, which may be said to infest the streets. As he leaves the landing-place, his ears are assailed by their monotonous shouts and the rattling of chains which proceed from the various parties of them as they perform their work. These unfortunate creatures supply the place of the beasts of burden to the people of Rio, and are to be seen linked together drawing carts and sledges, and performing other laborious duties, with an apparent unconcern and a degree of hilarity which are hardly credible.

It is the custom of the slaves, and it appears to be general among negroes, to accompany their labours with their own native music, at least with such as their voices afford. This has no doubt the effect of inspiring them to greater efforts; and the streets resound with the echo of their uncouth song and the rattling of their chains. They are accompanied and superintended in the performance of their duties by an armed military force; but their number now amounts to a fearful height, being two-thirds of the whole population of the city; and the inhabitants of Rio Janeiro, like those of imperial Rome, may one day suffer from the effects of their temerity. A precedent is afforded in the New World, and at no great distance from them; the awful tragedy of St. Domingo, with all its horrors, appalling as they are, may yet be repeated in the capital of Brazil.

Some of the slaves go about in these working parties entirely naked, exhibiting shocking proofs of ill-treatment on the back, face, and neck; and from the number of these scars which a slave carries about him, a tolerably correct opinion may be formed of his character, as well as that of his master. Among the slaves are the best artisans and mechanics which the country can boast, and many who are often entrusted with the business of their owners, and fill the office of confidential servants. Some lead a happy life in the quiet circle of their masters' families, others are not so fortunate; but the natural buoyancy of spirit which they all possess renders them capable of undergoing

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any kind of living; and in the midst of their hardships, and while labouring under the severity of their toils in a broiling sun, the joyful laugh, the animated gesture, and the song of mirth, characterize them as contented and happy.

So predominant is this feeling among them, that those still on board the vessels in the harbour, just torn from their native land, are equally as unconcerned for their condition. It is always painful to contemplate sights such as these, and we are prompted to ask of ourselves,

"Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes and fettered to the soil?"

But a benevolent Providence has made them contented with their lot; they know no repining, and appear happier than is imagined by our most considerate philanthropists.

Zoology of Rio Janeiro.

The tree-ferns on the Corcovado (polypodium Corcovadense) may be classed among the most elegant productions in the vegetable kingdom. These ferns grow to the height of twenty feet, and are frequently entwined with lesser ferns, thus clothing their stems with all the elegance of ivy. The anvil bird (*proenias ventralis*) is perched on its branches, and repeats its singular note, which sounds like the blow of a hammer on an anvil. The beauty of plumage, which forms the peculiar feature in the birds of Brazil is well known; Nature may be truly said to have lavished her favours in decking out the feathered tribes of these regions, for they are all remarkably handsome, and objects of admiration to every visitor. The insects are equally so, particularly the various descriptions of butterflies, many collections of which are sent to Europe. Fireflies, beetles, grasshoppers, are plentiful; the webs of some of the spiders are strong enough to entangle a little bird; and ants are so large that they are fried and made into a delicate dish. Snakes are very common and plentiful; every variety of these creatures is to be had, from the boa constrictor of thirty-five feet in length, to the little delicate green snake, the length of which does not exceed four inches. Rio is tolerably supplied with fish. The shrimps are very large, and when made into pies are an excellent dish.

Storms at Monte Video.

Sometimes the thunder-storms are accompanied by hail-stones of a considerable size, which not only break windows, but kill poultry; they often terminate in a pampero, the well-known hurricane of the country. It is said that in a pampero, sand and small gravel are blown on board the ships in the roads, a distance of seven or eight miles from the shore.

Execution at Monte Video.

While we remained at Monte Video, the execution of a culprit, who bore a most depraved character, took place. He was represented to have fled his country to avoid the punishment of a parricide, and that while he remained at Monte Video, his daring villany had rendered him a pest to society; for, although frequently detected, he had gone unpunished. At length his misdeeds brought him under the sentence of the law which he had so often broken with impunity. He was convicted of having robbed and murdered a respectable citizen near the town in open day. When he was apprehended, he insulted the governor of the town, and when imprisoned he attempted the life of the jailor. For all this, it was with some difficulty, and no little reluctance on the part of the authorities, that he was condemned to suffer death. The man, with the most palpable effrontery, asserted his innocence, from which it would appear the difficulty arose; for the law requires either a confession of the crime, or proof by witness, not admitting the strongest circumstantial evidence. But the well-known baseness of the prisoner led his judges to pronounce the sentence of death against him, in the hopes that a confession of his guilt might be extorted from him, when he saw that his situation was hopeless.

The reverend fathers of the Church ministered to him, and, as the object of their mission, begged for his confession in vain. Days passed on in avowing his innocence on the altar; nor was it until the hopes of pardon and that he might live were held out to him, that he unfolded the catalogue of his crimes. Horror-struck at the enormity of his offences, the priest left him, recommending penitence and prayer. The confession was sufficient; it was communicated to the authorities; and on the following day he was led to the great square, amidst a cavalcade of soldiers and priests. Arrived at the place of execution, he was seated apparently in an arm-chair, his head and neck resting against an upright post, his arms and legs were well secured, and a small iron collar was placed round his neck. Everything being ready, a turn or two was taken with a small winch, and the next moment he was suffocated. It appeared to be a quiet and sedate mode of death; not only were no convulsive throes observed, but it really seemed divested of all horror. Indeed it appeared to be considered quite an amusement to the numerous spectators, who chiefly consisted of women; for all of them were gaily attired to witness the spectacle.

The Fuegian Rush.

The Fuegian rush has a large and elegant flower, and much resembles our common rush. But the Fuegian rush has some pecu-

liar and valuable qualities which induce me to recommend it to the particular attention of agriculturists. It will grow in waste and boggy soils; it is very strong, and the baskets and mats formed with it are little inferior in strength and durability to those of cane; and it is not liable to crack and break. The introduction of this rush into England would give beneficial employment to our industrious peasantry in the manufacture of excellent baskets. The lower parts of the stem are very sweet; and the rushes when dead have the flavour of hay, and would no doubt form good fodder for cattle.

Red Snow.

Some specimens of red snow were brought on board (at Clarence Land) by the party; but I must confess that it did not come up to my ideas of that phenomenon which is found in the north; and yet I examined it tolerably closely with a good glass, and paid much attention to this interesting subject only to be disappointed. It appeared to me to have been soiled by birds which had been nesting in it and feeding on shell-fish, some of which were brought along with it. I was very anxious to see the phenomenon of red snow; but after every allowance for excitement, and a determination to make it so, I could come to no other conclusion than that the appearance proceeded from the fresh faces of the penguins, which are of a very red colour from the nature of the shell-fish which form their diet.

(To be continued.)

The Public Journals.

TRADITIONAL BALLAD.—BY MARY HOWITT.

THE HUNTER'S LINN.

THE hound is sitting by the stone—
The large black hound, and moaning ever—
And looking down, with wistful eyes,
Into the deep and lonesome river.
Afar he looks, and 'mong the hills,
The castle's old grey tower he spyeth;
Yet human form he seeth none
O'er all the moor that round him lieth.
The hound he moaneth bitterly—
The uneasy hound, he moaneth ever—
And now he runneth up and down,
And now he yelleth to the river.
Unto the shepherd on the hills
Comes up the lonely creature's sorrow,
And troubleth sore the old man's heart,
Among his flock, the long day thorough.
The afternoon grows dark betime;
The night-winds ere the night are blowing;
And cold grey mists from out the sea,
Along the forest-moor are going.
The castle looketh dark without;
Within the rooms are cold and dreary;
The chill light from the window fades;
The fire it burneth all uncheery.
With meek hands crossed beside the hearth,
The pale and anxious mother sitteth;
And now she listens to the bat,
That, screaming, round the window fitteth.

And now she listens to the winds
That come with moaning and with sighing;
And now unto the doleful owls
Calling afar and then replying.
And now she paces through the room:—
And "he will come anon," she sayeth;
And then she stirs the sleeping fire,
Sore marvelling why he thus delayeth.
Unto the window now she goes,
And looks into the evening chilly;
She saw the misty moors afar,
And sigheth, "Why cometh not my Willie?"
The gusty winds wail round about,
The damps of evening make her shiver,
And, in the pauses of the wind,
She hears the rushing of the river.
"Why cometh not my Willie home,
Why comes he not?" the mother crieth:
"The winds wail dimly to-night,
And on the moors the grey fog lieth."
She listens to a sound that comes
She knows not whence, of sorrow telling—
She listens to the large black hound,
That on the river side is yelling.
The hound he sitteth by the stone—
The uneasy hound he moaneth ever;
The homeward shepherd sees him there,
Beside the deep and lonesome river.
The mother listens eagerly—
The voice is as a doleful omen;
She closed the window, speaking low,
"It groweth late—he must be coming!"
"Rise up, my women, every one,
And make the house so light and cheery;
My Willie cometh from the moors—
Home cometh he, all wet and weary!"
The hound he moaneth bitterly—
The moaning hound he ceaseth never;
He looks into the shepherd's face,
Then down into the darksome river.
The shepherd's heart is troubled sore,
Is troubled sore with woe and wonder;
And down into the linn he looks,
That lies the broken granite under.
He looks into the deep dark pool;
Within his soul 'mid terror waking—
The hound sent forth a hollow moan,
As if his very heart were breaking.
The shepherd dimly sees a cloak—
He dimly sees a floating feather—
And farther down a broken bough,
And broken twigs of crimson heather.
The hound clings to the granite crags,
As o'er the deep dark pool he bendeth,
And piteous cries, that will not cease,
Into the darksome linn he sendeth.
Upon his staff the shepherd leans,
And for a little space doth ponder;
He looks all round, 'tis drear and dim,
Save in the lit-up castle yonder.
"Ah!" said the old man, mournfully,
And tears adown his cheek were falling,
"My lady watcheth for her son—
The hound is for his master calling!"

Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.

POMPEII BY TORCHLIGHT.

(Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.)

EVERY one who has travelled must have remarked how, after a long absence from scenes which have afforded us peculiar pleasure, the comparing notes with some one who had wandered over the same route, or paused in admiration before the same objects, has polished up some little, forgotten,

and rusty corners of the memory, or warmed into life some torpid souvenir from its hybernaculum. Just after the same fashion, and as if I had been talking over past pleasures with a friend, Mr. Bulwer's charming romance of "The Last Days of Pompeii," has routed out and restored in all its brilliancy, a delightful day, or rather night, which I once spent among the ruins of that "city of the dead;" and its chiaro-oscuro recollections have flashed upon my mind, mellowed, perhaps, by time and distance, but almost as vividly as if all had occurred yesterday, and I had still around me the companions of last night's pleasure.

It happened that, some years ago, I passed the spring at Naples with a Prince of the Royal house of Bavaria, and one fine May afternoon it was proposed at the dinner-table that we should spend the evening and sup by torchlight amidst the ruins of Pompeii. There was something charming in the idea itself—in visiting those relics of almost another world, not as mere sight-seers are wont—led by the nose, and gulled by the improbabilities of a cicerone—but as if we were to be assembled there, the old inhabitants and lawful owners of the place, feasting in our own palaces, and pouring libations in our own halls—a little the worse for the lapse of centuries, perhaps—but what of that? In short, there was something romantic in the plan, so different from the gawky curiosity of its usual visitors; something there might be also in the special permission accorded to the Prince, the guard of honour and the torchlight; one hardly cares to own this to one's self, but it added, perhaps, zest to our pleasure, that none others could enjoy it after the same fashion. All this gave a charm to the proposal, and we hastened to put it in execution.

We started, a party of six in number, about half-past five in the evening, when the sun, which had been riding cloudless all day in a bright Italian sky, was getting down towards the west, and under the influence of that ruddy tinge which the sun of the south alone can give and Claude only can imitate, we drove through Portici, Resina, and Torredel-Greco, on our way to the ruined city. To the left, villas and gardens lay scattered here and there steeped in the sunshine; beyond, as far as the eye could reach, the blue water of the bay, with the islands of Capri and Ischia breaking out bold and hard from its bosom; while on the right rose, tier over tier, Vesuvius, with its cone of ashes, whence a thin, spiral column of smoke streamed up in the clear, bright sky. But every one knows all this, every one, at least, who has visited Naples, or read the thousand and one books which have been written on the subject. Away we clattered over the rough chaussee, through a country smiling with vineyards

and gardens, and stopped, at last, at the foot of a small hill, on which stood the dwelling of one of the overseers of Pompeii; on the terrace of this house we seated ourselves, and watched the setting of the sun until the reflection of his last beams ceased to stream along the waters—quaffed a few glasses of excellent lacryma Christi to the glorious old Titan who was sending forth smoke in the distance—and with our imaginations thus raised to that pitch when one sees every thing to the best advantage, we rose to commence our promised night of pleasure.

As the night drew in, we ordered our torches, the only light which now was left us, save the glimmer of a myriad of stars in the unclouded sky; and, accompanied by the due proportion of lazy and ignorant guides, proceeded through the vineyards to the entrance of the town of Pompeii. After being saluted by the military guard placed there to do honour to the Prince, we entered the road to the city, known as "the Street of Tombs." Far on was the gate of the city, and, on each side, the marble monuments gleamed up almost like the ghosts of their departed occupants; and in the flicker of the torchlight one might imagine that the evening breeze waved the toga of some ancient senator, or that some Roman warrior of old, cuirassed and helmeted, looked out once again, from his everlasting resting-place. On the right was the mausoleum of the family of Diomede, and immediately opposite, his house. This was the rich merchant of "The Last Days of Pompeii;" here were his gay halls—here his Lucullan feasts—and here, amidst his wine-jars and his wealth, were found those fearful remnants of mortality which marked the awful fate of the agonized, struggling wretches suffocated in the vaults. The house, which had been of three stories in height, and not in accordance with the usual style of building in those days, was, even in its ruins, splendid. The fresco painting on the walls, some of the pillars that had supported the arcades, and even the cool marble baths were still existing. In the cellars below, fair specimens of Diomede's good cheer, large amphore of wine, stood in rows against the wall. Unfortunately, the form of the beautiful bosom of Julia, found here as it had remained moulded in the hardened ashes, with the golden ornaments which had decorated her person, (oh! that they should still exist, as if in mockery of her dreadful death,) had been removed to the Neapolitan museum.

On through the gates we passed, (for the Street of Tombs is but a suburb of the city,) and, but for the jagged and ruined outlines which stood up in strong relief against the sky, we might have imagined ourselves in a living and breathing city, wrapped in the slumber suited to the hour, and we the revel-

lers disturbing its repose. On each side of the street were innumerable shops and private dwellings; and the interior of those we examined gave us some idea, in their fresco paintings and mosaic floors, of the wealth and luxury of those bygone days. The public baths are in a much better state of preservation than most of the buildings that have yet been cleared; but, unfortunately for the general effect, and even much of the interest of the rooms themselves, the furniture and ornaments found in them have been removed. They are in the Museum at Naples.

Mr. Bulwer's friend, Sallust, was a gentleman and a scholar, although, unfortunately, too much given to the "creature comforts;" for the house which bears his name appears to have been one of the best arranged and most tastefully adorned of those yet discovered. We remained some time in his mansion, and examined, with much interest, what was left of mosaic floors and paintings; for here again the insatiable museum had swallowed up those specimens of art which the eruption had spared. However, nature and accident supplied us with a scene almost as interesting as the house in its original state would have afforded; for our torches glared upon the painted walls, lighting up this column and that cornice, while, beyond, the dim light of the heavens brought out the perspective of room and colonnade in most remarkable contrast. Above us was that deep, ultramarine blue sky, spangled with its stars; and in the distance, what had been by day a column of pale, grey smoke, now a bright flame, flashing upwards from the summit of Vesuvius.

In another case, (that of the Quæstor, I believe,) we were much struck at the singular effect produced by two large masks of transparent marble, ornaments on either side a bath of elaborate workmanship. Behind these masks, torches had been purposely placed, and as the bright light shone through, bringing out every muscle and feature, almost to the appearance of life, the apertures which represented the eyes glared horribly as the flame flashed through them, reminding one of Moore's Makannah, or the deadly goul of some Arabian tale.

From hence we adjourned to the splendid mansion which had last been cleared, and which, from the circumstance of a son of Goethe's being present at its discovery, had, in compliment to the great poet, been named the "Casa di Goethe." The objects which principally attracted our attention in this most perfect as well as most magnificent of these extraordinary ruins, were two mosaic floors of singular beauty. The one, a battle-piece, (almost a picture,) represented the victory of the Granicus. The other, of much smaller proportions, was simply a lion's head—but what a lion!—all the power, the ma-

jesty, the grandeur of the lord of the forest, sparkled in the eye, and Landseer himself would have been charmed with the stern, calm, resolute expression of mouth which the artist had imparted to a number of little, paltry stones.

Well, alack for human wants and human appetites! the clink of a few plates and glasses dissolved in a trice the dreams of forgotten art and by-gone luxury, and away we skurried into the adjoining hall, where our supper was prepared. It were almost a profanation upon the Apician feasts of the former lords of these palaces to find half-a-dozen respectable gentlemen in long-tailed coats, boots, and beaver hats, seated at supper in the same hall where many a guest had centuries before lolled in luxurious ease upon his couch, wrapped in the full and graceful folds of their picturesque costume, and delicately criticising the far-travelled viands in a language of other days. Be that as it may, it would have been impossible for those distinguished individuals to have chased away the night more gaily than did we in that hall.

We, too, had our guests; for three officers of the Neapolitan guard were invited to join us, and, by way of spectators of our banquet, a crowd of the neighbouring peasantry. Indeed, I can hardly recollect any thing more brilliant, more gay, more picturesque than our supper of that night. We, seated joyously at our supper-table, where torches shone, and glasses beamed with sparkling wine, in that old hall with the sky for canopy; while beyond, in various groups, peasants, pretty girls, fiddlers, and buffoons, in all the gay attire of Italy—tinsel and ribands flaunting in the night air—some, seated round a blazing and crackling fire, chatting as they watched the preparation of the punch, of which they were to be partakers, while the fire-light played upon their gay costume, bright eyes, and cheerful faces—others, laughing and talking in the torchlight, which produced that flickering, chiaro-oscuro effect to be conceived, but never painted—so gay, so uncertain, so ever-changing. Here the opaque body of a man between us and the fire, which just lit up the outline of his form; while there, in the strongest contrast, it played full upon the person of his companion—here in the dark, a bit of tinsel only caught the reflection; while, on the other side, the full and graceful form of a dark-haired Italian maiden stood out clear and well-defined in the blaze. In the background, at the entrance of the house, the arms and accoutrements of the soldiers of the guard of honour just glanced back the red torchlight, while, ever and anon, a shower of bright sparks dashed up into the sky as the blazing wood was stirred. * * * Off they went in the gay tarantella, with the crackling

castanet and the joyous tambourine, one joining in after another, ever-varying, and almost never-ending—while, as the punch went round and their spirits rose, their movements became more agile, their laugh, their joy more unrestrained; at last, carried away by the feelings of the moment, they seized torches, and, like the Bacchanals of old, whirled round in a wild, Bacchante dance, till the old walls, unaccustomed to such sounds, re-echoed with their shouts. We all, with one accord, toasted the Prince and his absent Duchess, with a *feu de joie* reverberating from the hills around, and the gay huzzas of the joyous crowd.—And over all, tingling each object with her beams, sedately rose the calm, pale moon.

The size and magnificence of the place may be conceived from its containing three theatres; and it was to visit these that we now addressed ourselves.

On our way to the amphitheatre we passed through the Forum, which, white and clear, now lay open in the moonlight, and we paused a moment before the temple of Venus, to admire its tall colonnade, and that fine but ruinous flight of steps which once led up to the shrine of the goddess.

I sat on the fragment of a fallen column, and looked out upon the Forum; but my companions soon shook me out of my reverie, and away we went to the Amphitheatre. The exterior of this magnificent structure looked grand and striking in the moonshine; the innumerable, tall arches, most of them perfect, though some were crumbling into ruin—the uniformity of their ranks being only broken by those massive flights of steps which led to the upper benches of the interior—produced those strong and singular effects of light and shade, without which no building is either picturesque or imposing. We entered the body of the theatre, and from around the circus in which we stood rose everlasting tiers of stone benches, almost as perfect as when the inhabitants of the Campanian city had looked down from them upon the games in the arena below; while above, over all, opened at intervals those arches, which had formerly served as entrances for the frequenters of the upper seats. Through these apertures streamed, in broad beams, the moonshine, while, hanging far overhead, the moon flung down her whole radiance, and flooded the vast space with light. A number of the benches which I have described were covered with groups of the peasants who had accompanied us hither, and the torches they still bore, looked, in the unbroken mass of silver light, like small, red specks, as if just dying out: nature was too much for them—they were fairly out-blazed; and it was only when their tiny flame shone with a contrasted red tinge on the person or dress of the bearer, that one could conceive

they were intended to give light at all. In the area below, a band of musicians from a neighbouring village played, from time to time, some of the charming airs of Italy; and now and then, as the mood took them, or some gay air struck their fancy, the spectators broke again into the wild and graceful movements of the tarantella.

We visited, in succession, the two other theatres—the greater and the less, and we sauntered away half an hour, with no little pleasure, in the temple of Isis. But just about this time, the grey streaks of dawn in the horizon began to warn us that our night, at least, was at an end. Orders were given for moving homeward, torches were being extinguished, so we quaffed one bowl (oh! reader, not of Falernian) by way of farewell Pompeii, and having dismissed our multitude of attendants, well rewarded for their trouble, we mounted again into the Prince's carriages, and rolled off rapidly towards Naples, somewhat stilled, perhaps, and overcome by that sort of listless feeling which is almost the necessary reaction of a night of pleasure, especially such a joyous one as ours.

In the slight sketch which I have attempted to give of the buried Campanian city, I have not dared to venture upon detail—my memory would scarcely serve me for such a purpose; and I am unwilling to draw from other sources what might complete the descriptive perhaps, but mar the picturesque. Thus, then, I have endeavoured only to give what I myself recall—to convey the impressions of the moment, and to impart, as nearly as I am able, those singular and varied effects—those powerful and brilliant scenes, which that monument of antiquity afforded when seen under the influence of such remarkable adjuncts. But I cannot close this article, meagre as it is, without one word of Mr. Bulwer. I am indebted to him for a gratification of no common kind. He has thrown a double charm over my recollections—he has breathed life into my imaginings—he has furnished those dead walls, and peopled them with animate beings. I retrace my steps, and in lieu of darkness and desolation, I find light and life—its business and its pleasures. Glaucus, Diomedes, Salust—all live and move in the places they were wont; and even the being of my mind's eye, who left behind her of her beauties but the mould of her exquisite bosom, is embodied, (somewhat unwillingly, I own,) in the vain, coquettish, and passionate Julia.

The Gatherrrr.

Mrs. Waylett and Mrs. Fitzwilliam.—When the "Loves of the Angels" was produced at the Strand Theatre, it was proposed to Mrs. Fitzwilliam, then lessee of Sadler's

Wells, to produce a piece upon the same subject at her theatre. Mrs. Fitzwilliam said, "No, no; mine's not a celestial figure. Mrs. Waylett may be the Angel at St. Clement's, if she likes; but I won't be the Angel at Islington."—*New Monthly Mag.*

Lord Abinger.—Abinger, (whence the new Chief Baron of the Exchequer derives his title,) is a very small village adjoining Wotton, in the hundred of that name, between Dorking and Guildford, in West Surrey. Aubrey conjectures this parish to have been named from the Saxon Abin, an eminence or rising ground, part of the parish being the most elevated spot in the county, and but a short distance from the more celebrated Leith Hill, 1,000 feet high. The little church has a low wooden tower, with a pyramidal spire, and with cottages clustering about it, is an interesting object in the landscape. The manor has been in the possession of the Evelyns, of Wotton, for upwards of two centuries. In the above parish is Abinger Hall, the seat of the new peer, not such a mansion as its name imports, but a commodious residence, delightfully placed on an eminence, surrounded by a fine lawn, plantations, and shrubbery, with a river and cascade in front. It has been in the possession of Sir James Scarlett for upwards of twenty years. In the neighbourhood is Tanhurst, formerly the retreat of the lamented Sir Samuel Romilly, who is known to have passed many happy intervals in the rides and walks of this delightful country.

Tom Cooke the Leader.—Tom Cooke is certainly the most facetious of fiddlers, and is the only person at present connected with theatres who smacks of the olden says of quips and cranks. Some of his conundrums are most amusing absurdities; for instance:—"Which is the best shop to get a fiddle at?" asked a pupil. "A chemist's," said he: "because if you buy a drug there, they always give you a *vial-in*."

Once, whilst rehearsing a song, Braham said to Cooke, who was leading, "I drop my voice there at night," (intimating that he wished the accompaniment more *piano*.) "You drop your voice, do you?" said Cooke. "I should like to be by and pick it up."

During the run of Manfred lately, he said, "How Denvil keeps sober through the play I can't think; for he is calling for *spirits* from the first scene to the last!"—*New Monthly Magazine*.

Alexander loved his horse Bucephalus; Numa a lap-dog; Augustus a parrot; Caligula a horse; Virgil a butterfly; Nero a starling; Commodus an ape; Heliogabalus a sparrow; Honorius a chicken.—*Times*.

The late Duke of Gloucester.—The following passage respecting the military con-

duct of the late Duke of Gloucester during a campaign in Holland, is extracted from Fell's *Tour through Batavia*:—"The French who served against the English during this campaign, speak in the highest terms of the bravery of the British soldiers; but their report of the generals is less favourable. There is one exception, however, to this—the conduct of Prince William of Gloucester excited particular admiration in the French, and he is mentioned with much respect and praise, as a general who will one day be an honour to the British nation, if the early proofs he has given of his courage and military talents are to be relied on as prognostics of the future." J. H. F.

Mrs. Siddons. (To the Editor.)—Observing in No. 696 of the *Mirror*, a short account of the late Mrs. Siddons, I beg leave to add a few particulars. On Nov. 24, 1773, Mr. Siddons was married to Miss Kemble, in St. Michael's Church, Coventry. Her father, Roger, was then performing here with his company, in a large room in the Bridewell, Half Moon Yard. Miss Farren, about this time, or subsequently, was one of the company. In the *Coventry Mercury*, there are a number of advertisements of plays, &c. performed by the company here under the management of Kemble. Stephen Kemble, of Falstaff notoriety, was apprenticed then to a Mr. Gibbs, surgeon, of this place: he, with a fellow apprentice, ran away, and joined a company of players at Wolverhampton; the fellow apprentice returned and served out his time at Coventry, but Stephen kept to the stage to his death: he was manager of a company here, about thirty years ago. Stephen had a volume of MS. poetry of his composition—was it ever published?

Coventry.

A FRIEND.

Antiquity and Value of Poetry.—The most barbarous nations, (says Racine,) have always had some sort of poetry. * * * Horace says, that a child's first preceptor should be a poet. It is he that must frame the unskilful tongue, inspire the tender ear with aversion from low conversation, and scatter the dangerous passions of the youthful heart.

Origin of the word Wilderness.—The amusing author of the *Philosophy of Nature* states in a note at page 59, that the word wilderness is derived from three different languages. *Wild* from the Dutch, *der* from the British *dur* meaning water, and *ness* from a Saxon word, signifying a termination of a tract of land. J. F.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. B. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all News-men and Booksellers.